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Doug Carroll/Diversions

Critics eats crow, snatches it up in his beak, nips at it until it's all gone.

The crowd at Suicidal Tendencies on Tuesday night didn't eviscerate any pedestrians, policeman or innocent bystanders, didn't sodomize the night chef and, even though I requested it, didn't say "skateboards are for weebles" on stage. My own theory is that the presence of DN columnist James Rogers had a calming effect. Seeing a man in a blue suit and tasteful bow tie wandering through the

Charles Lieurance



crowd of mohawks and flops is like watching Jesus walk on water. As if 10 policemen weren't enough, somebody had to go and call in FBI agent Jim Rogers to boot.

Musicwise it was the same old hash. Slow, circle like wolves, 1,2,3,4! slam, slam, slam, slow, circle like wolves . . . chord change, repeat. A hardcore rut so deep you could run a coal car express route to China through it.

But every member of the young sold-out crowd was enthralled. If Suicidal Tendencies' brief metal rave-up was what they wanted, they certainly got it.

The only people the cops had to escort outside were those who had danced just a little too hard, and those who realized, in the middle of a good cross body slam, that there was no air in the room to speak of and succumbed to heat exhaustion. Chains, dog collars, little sharp spikes (oh, about yea big) and Belle d'morts were collected at the door.

Everything was beautiful and nothing hurt. I resisted a strong temptation to try and cause some sort of violence just to prove I was right about Suicidal Tendencies — say stabbing a skinhead in the back to salvage my tarnished dignity, but alas, I just had a good time playing James T. Kirk to Jim Rogers' Mr. Spock.

"Is this what they call slam dancing, Captain?"

"Oh, Spock, you're such a silly alien . . ."

Bar owner Brady Wiebeck came by me every 10 minutes waving cash receipts in front of my face and grinning like a boy who just discovered the cretin that had claimed to be his father for the last 10 years was actually a kidnapper who had stolen him from a doting millionaire. Two guys with mohawks called me a "dweeb" (have you ever been called a "dweeb" by guys with mohawks?), and L. Kent Wolgamott, Lincoln Journal reviewer, who normally speaks to me on occasion, beelined it to other quadrants when I approached.

But Jim Rogers . . . Jim Rogers stayed with me. And DN sports reporter Jeff Apel stayed with me, too.

The night was just such a dagblasted success. Chesterfield's converted effortlessly to college nightclub. The sound was basically wretched, but who knows whose fault that was?

An unscathed salad bar, I might add. I went and sneezed under the sneeze guard just to get back at Chesterfield's for putting on such a successful night without incident.

Chesterfield's has my blessing for what it's worth. This town needs every outlet for music it can get and this one being so close to campus is a godsend. I still think it was a brave first show for the bar, but guts won out.

As for the quality of the music, it weren't Die Kreuzen and it weren't Squirrel Bait (R.I.P.) and the sound cut in and out like Coke commercials being beamed to Russia, but that's not really the issue here. It isn't even really the issue that the opening band, Lincoln's Mannequin Beach, was better than the main attraction.

The issue is the eating of this damnable crow. Well, I've got its little feathers stickin' outta my braces right now and it sure don't taste like crab and butter, so all you drug-store anarchists can go back to what you were doing before I predicted Chesterfield's was going to be ground zero Tuesday night.

Great show, despite the band. Reinstilled in me a deep respect for my two favorite adages:

"If you want to find an outlaw, call an outlaw; if you want to find a Dunkin' Donuts, call a cop." ("Raising Arizona")  
"wubba wubba wubba" (MTV)  
A dweeb?

Several years ago, George Will (my fave) donned a bow tie, went to a Springsteen concert and discovered something about America. Seeking to repeat his historical foray, I donned a bow tie, went to a Suicidal Tendencies concert and discovered that experiences don't necessarily translate well.

How could this be? From Will to Rogers (though not Will Rogers), how did it all become so easy?

Some days ago Charles Lieurance (arts and

Jim Rogers



entertainment minion) told me that Suicidal Tendencies, a "right-wing band," would be performing at Chesterfield's. "Oh," I thought to myself, "I've always wondered what Young Republican rock would sound like." So I asked Charles if I might attend with him. He consented with a wry grin.

Tuesday evening, the night of the concert, I almost backed out of going — all of my white shirts were dirty. Worrying that I might draw unnecessary attention to myself by wearing a yellow shirt after 5 p.m., I almost skipped the concert in favor of finishing a discourse I was reading on the "Nietzscheanization of the Left." Yet after short reflection, my resolve firmed: "Oh pooh," I said to myself, only half listening, "if they're too narrow-minded to accept a yellow shirt after 5 p.m. they can just mind their own business. Hrrumph."

I met Charles and a small group of Daily Nebraskan staff members at the office at about 8:30. My ears turned red when the group began tittering at my attire. Charles, somewhat embarrassed, confided: "Jim, I can't believe you're wearing a yellow shirt after 5 p.m."

I told him to mind his own business.

As we approached Chesterfield's, I noticed a number of small congregations of high-school students doing rather poor imitations of motorcycle gangs.

"Well," I said to Charles, "Republican

music certainly must be appealing to an increasingly broad group of people," my eyes scanning the crowd for the blue-haired older ladies I typically see at Abendmusik concerts. But I only saw green hair on young women — no blue hair on older.

Finally taking mercy on my naivete, Charles informed me that perhaps, just perhaps, a more appropriate term for the band was "fascist" rather than "right-wing."

"Oh shucks," I retorted, "and with my arm band still at the cleaners."

Charles started to say something by way of response, but I interrupted with a startled cry: "Run, Charles! There's a herd of stegosaurus charging us!" I began to flee in short order, but was tripped by Charles's good foot.

On my back, Charles glared down at me, saying, "Come on, Jim, that's just a style of hair today."

"Oh," I said, getting up and brushing the dust off my blue blazer. I lamely added as I straightened by bow tie, "I know stegosaurus are extinct, but I thought maybe they just evolved into humanoid form or something."

We entered Chesterfield's to have a drink before the concert and went to the concert hall just before 10, after a "warm-up band" played. While walking over, I told Charles that we probably should have gone in earlier since there apparently was no reserved seating and all the best seats were sure to be taken.

Charles just shook his head, mostly out of pity, but also, I think, out of regret for having me along.

Before Suicidal Tendencies entered, I was standing with Charles toward the back of what can be termed no other than a surging mass of humanity and listening to something being played over the loudspeakers. Quite unsure, I asked, "Is that music they're playing?" Charles nodded yes, rather grimly. "Oh, that's what I thought one might call it," I screamed into his left ear.

The crowd was much smaller than I expected it would be — both chronologically and numerically. Many, if not most, were high-school students, and except for the very front of the stage, there was ample room to move about — even furtively.

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